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Chapter 1 by Magdalene

Today is my test.

I've been locked inside this room ever since I was born. I learned to read & write, to speak & to understand what I think other children would understand. I had been given newspapers to read on the outside world. There were the pure people, I realized. The corrupt. The bribers. & the bias. I learned that life children were born in the pure district. But the children from the other districts had to be locked away until the age of their test. To see what district they belong in. I am handed a booklet. It's not too thick so this shouldn't be that hard. The maid (she wears a white full-length dress, black cloak, & I can never make out her face) hands me a pencil & a pen. I sit down at the desk quietly, knowing the cameras lining the wall are being projected to people watching me, making out my every move to see what character trait I am. Then, over the speakers, I hear the word "BEGIN".

I suppose someone corrupt would cuss at the hidden voice. Someone bias would smile at the cameras & someone who would bribe would do something else. But all I did was open of the booklet of the first page, chose the pencil, & read the first question.

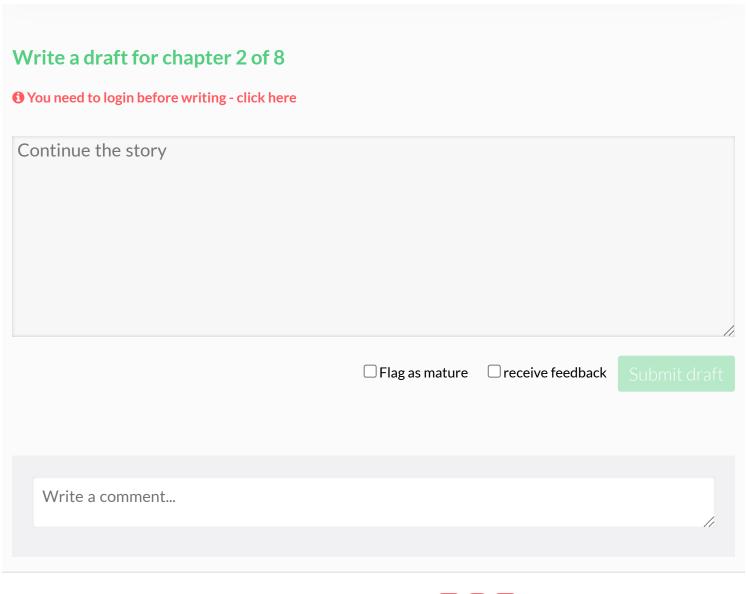
'You are driving down the road & it's raining incredibly hard. You then see an old woman walking on the side of the road who looks like she's about to die, a best friend, also walking, who

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